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August 2019

Ye Mariners of England

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Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "Ye Mariners of England" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 827.
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YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye mariners of England,
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze.
Your glorious standard launch again,
To match another foe,
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow
While battle rages loud and long,
And stormy tempests blow.

The spirit of your fathers,
Shall start from every wave,
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow,
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep,
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below—
As they roar, on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow,
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England.
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors,
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame, of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow,
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

WALKER, PRINTER, DURHAM.

OLD JOE.

Old Joe sat at de garden gate,
He couldn't get in kase he'd com'd too late;
He up wid a stone and knock at de door:
"I wants to come in," says dis black Joe.
"Who's dere?" "Old Joe." "What de Joe?"
"Yes, de Joe"—
Old Joe kicking up behind and before,
De yaller gal kicking up behind old Joe.

"Dere's some one in de house wid Dinah,
Dere's some one in de house, I know;
Dere's some one in de house wid Dinah,
Playing on de old banjo."

Out come Dinah,— "What for you dere?"
"I want a gun to shoot dat hare."
"Come, old nigger, dat game won't do,
You'd better go home and mend your shoe!"—
Old Joe, &c.

He came to tow'n in shocking fright,
For he heard a noise, and he saw a fight;
Some boys were running up and down,
Shouting, "Old Joe is just come to tow'n!"—
Old Joe, &c.

In come a nigger with a blue tail'd coat;
"Can you give me a change of a five pound note?"
"About your notes I do not know,
But I'll give you a note on the old banjo."—
Old Joe, &c.

BUFFALO GALS.

As I was rambling down de street, down de street,
A beauty gal I chanced to meet, lubly as morning dew,
Buffalo gals come out to-night, can't you come out
to-night? can't you come out to-night?
Buffalo gals, can't you come out to-night, and dance
by de light ob de moon, &c.

I said, "My angel! will you talk? will you talk?
will you talk?
And take wid me a little walk, with those sweet feet I
view?"—Buffalo gals, &c.

And would you like to take a dance? take a dance?
take a dance?
Quadrille, or polka, fresh from France, they're all
alike to me.—Buffalo gals, &c.

Oh, I will lub you all my life, all my life, all my life,
And you shall be my happy wife, if you will marry
me.—Buffalo gals, &c.